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THE QUEEN'S EARLY TRAVELS ABOUT ENGLAND.

Queen Victoria owed all the best influences of the first part of her life, humanly speaking, to her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Her method of education was in many respects admirable and enlightened. While there was such seclusion from the fashionable world that, on the Princess Victoria's accession to the throne, hardly anyone knew her sufficiently to have formed an idea of her character, there had been such freedom that the princess had mixed with various classes of the people, and had travelled a good deal about England.

These journeys commenced in her infancy. Not to mention the residence in the winter of 1819-20, at Sidmouth, where the Duke of Kent died, the duchess took the princess, when about two years of age, to stay at the *Pavilion* at Brighton. The building had just been restored by Nash and as the child bounded through its long gallery, filled with all kinds of strange and grotesque works of art, her imagination must, it is reasonable to suppose, have been considerably developed.

In 1826 she went on a visit to King George the Fourth, at Windsor Castle. A few years later the princess was near another of her future homes. During August, 1830, she went with her mother to stay at Norris Castle, in the Isle of Wight, and remained there until October. In the autumn of 1832 the duchess took her daughter on a tour through the counties bordering on Wales. Coventry, Shrewsbury, Powis Castle, and Beaumaris were each visited in turn, the royal travellers finally taking up their residence in the Isle of Anglesea, where they attended the Beaumaris Eisteddfod, and gave away the prizes. On their homeward journey they paid visits to Eaton Hall, Alton Towers, and Chatsworth. They were entertained with great splendor—grand dinners, with music, and great display of plate, the evening finishing up with fireworks, and the fountains illuminated with different colored lights. The brilliant *fete* does not appear to have dazed the child, for everybody was delighted with her easy manners. She sang, when asked, in a clear-toned voice, either alone or in duets with her mother.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN THE COTTON FACTORY AT BELPER.

But, as if to teach her the stuff life is really made of, she was carried off from these fairy regions to a cotton factory at Belper, where Mr. Strutt explained to her the process of cotton spinning. The poor workers appear to have been very pleased to catch a glimpse of their little queen bee, who must have been a marvellous child if she was not glad to get away from their wan faces and the prison-like buildings in which they worked and lived.

Besides this glimpse of factory life, the princess got some notion of what it was to pass existence in making nails, for she was taken to Bromsgrove, where those articles have been made for centuries.

There was food for thought in the Belper and Bromsgrove factories, and the Princess Victoria was a thoughtful child. This tour ended with a visit to Oxford, where the duchess, in a reply to an address, spoke of her efforts to educate the princess in accordance with the just expectations of all classes.

In the summer of 1833 they took up their abode at Norris Castle, from which delightful residence many marine excursions were made. They attended the opening of the new landing pier at Southampton, visited Carisbrooke, Win-

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chester, Plymouth, Devonport, and the Eddystone Lighthouse. On the homeward voyage the yacht ran foul of a hulk, causing the mainmast to spring. The sail and a heavy spar were about to fall exactly on the spot where the princess was standing, when happily the pilot, seeing the danger, caught her up in his arms, and put her in a place of safety; but the crash of the rigging sent a shudder through all who saw the near escape of the child.

The Isle of Thanet was, however, the favorite resort. It was during some of their earlier visits to Ramsgate that they had the society of the venerable champion of the much-injured negro race, Mr. Wilberforce. One day a visitor to Ramsgate saw the little princess running about on the sands, dressed in a muslin frock and straw hat trimmed with a white ribbon. Her mother, walking with their aged friend, suddenly caught sight of the little dancing queen getting her shoes wet in an unmannerly breaker. She beckoned to her, and the child came. Mr. Wilberforce looked down benevolently, and taking the princess's hands in his own, was observed to say something which made the child fix her eyes on him in a wondering manner, the duchess, meanwhile, looking on with evident interest. Was the philanthropist striving to drop into that budding mind a germ of pity for suffering humanity? It is more than probable, for he might well have thought it a golden opportunity. Before August, 1833, he was gone.

They were again at Ramsgate in 1834, neighbors of Mr. Moses Montefiore, who gave them a special key to his grounds at East Cliff Lodge. When, in the first year of her accession, the queen was called upon to knight Mr. Montefiore as the first Jew who had filled the office of sheriff, the Duchess of Kent reminded him of "the happy days spent at Ramsgate."

This residence at Ramsgate was broken by visits to London, and to the seats of various noblemen. In August, 1834, they were at Tunbridge Wells. In September of the same year they made a journey to the North, to visit the Archbishop of York at Bishopsthorpe, and on the way home they were guests at Harewood House, Wentworth House, and Belvoir Castle. Towards the end of the month they returned to Kent, where the duchess received the King and Queen of the Belgians, and in October they paid a visit to the Duke of Wellington, at Walmer Castle. These journeys were spoken of by those who had no good will to the duchess as "royal progresses," addresses being occasionally offered and accepted. Perhaps they were, as in her plan of education the Duchess of Kent evidently kept in mind the fact that the life of the princess would above all things be a public one. We have little detail as to this plan, the reason probably being that it was not a cut and-dried system, but the unconscious influence of an enlightened mind, animated by a high sense of duty.

PARENTS' LOVE IN MAORI.

A very pathetic story of suffering love comes from Maori, New Zealand, being told by the Rev. Mr. Fairbrother, a missionary at Wairoa. When the eruption commenced a Maori named Molie, with his wife Mary and their two little boys, were in a chief's house. They were driven out by the falling boards of the house, seeking shelter in their own whare or hut. Then Molie said: "Well, Mr. Fairbrother has taught us to pray to God and Christ of the Cross," and they knelt down and prayed. Soon the roof was smashed in with the lava, heated stones and mud. To save the life of the elder boy the father wrapped him in a shawl and placing him on the ground, knelt over him so that the lad should not receive any hurt from the falling lava and stones. The drift, however, gathered so quickly round his body that the little one was soon covered, so the father had to keep throwing it aside with one arm to keep it away. All through the early morning the Maori had his hands on the ground, and was also on his knees, so as to provide an effectual shelter for the little one; he did not mind the lava which found a resting-place on his back so long as his boy was safe. At the same time the mother was trying to protect the other little boy, but her efforts were in vain, and in the silent struggle with the elements the lava overpowered mother and child, killing both. Molie, finding it getting dark, and the lava very heavy on his back, made a desperate effort to fling it off, and taking up his little one, called to his wife to be quick and follow, when, to his horror, he found that both his dear ones had silently died by his side. They were afterwards dug out. The mother was in a sitting posture, with her arms extended over her babe to protect it from the sand drift.—*N. Y. Observer.*

AUNTIE HOWARD.

When Auntie Howard was converted she was a young widow with a large family of little children about her. They were very poor. She had no Bible, but the colporteur, whose visits and prayers at a time of illness and bereavement were the means of her change of heart, gave her one. She began at the beginning to read it through. In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis she paused over these words: "For I know him (Abraham), that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." "Why may not any one in these days so live as to be worthy the Lord's confidence?" she thought as she looked about the poor little room of the poor little house, at the group of poorly clad, but healthy and bright-faced little boys and girls. The thought seemed to take possession of her, and she said,

"With this Bible for my guide and by the power of prayer just awakened in my heart I can bring up these children to keep the way of the Lord, and thus to become a power for good in the world, and from this moment I will make that object my purpose in life," and she did so.

They lived on a rugged, isolated mountain farm, with nothing inviting to eat or wear The children went irregularly to school, but she taught them at home to read and spell out of the Bible. Theo learned to write with the charred ends of small sticks on the broad stone hearth before the great open fire. All their rules of equity and of good breeding were taken from the Bible, but they learned them so well that when the proprietor of the great general store in the village wanted to hire a boy and knew he could have the pick of the boys in the township, he took his horse and chaise and wife and drove up to the little mountain farm.

The widow made them welcome to her neat kitchen and regaled them with rye bread and butter, sour-milk cheese, and a cup of sage tea so daintily served that not only was the boy hired to work in the store, but the oldest girl was taken back to the village in the chaise to become one of the merchant's family while she attended the village school.

Soon after this the little, low farmhouse was burned to the ground one autumn night, and these new friends provided a tenement in the village for the little family, who soon became a necessity in the church and in society. As the children grew older they were each in turn given places of trust.

The old lady, "Auntie Howard," as every one called her, lived to be nearly one hundred. She saw her grandchildren and great-grandchildren prosperous and respected through keeping the way of the Lord. To the end of her days she continued to pray for her posterity and to teach those who were coming after her to do the same, and she was fond of saying that if Christians had faith to take the Lord at his word and show him that he might have confidence in them as he had in Abraham, there was, even in this world, no limit to the beautiful things the Lord had prepared for those who love him and keep in his ways.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A MISSIONARY'S STORY.

BY MRS. PORTER.

During a famine in India, some years ago, a group of little Hindu girls, belonging to an orphanage, came to me one evening, before the evening meal was prepared, and said—

"Salaam, Amah! May we tell Nargoma not to cook our supper?"

"Why, dear children? do you not like what is given you for supper?"

"Oh, yes, Amah! we like it very much, but Catechist Moses has been here to-day, and he says the children at Ventoola are many of them almost starved. Some of them have only one meal in three days, and we have three meals in one day; and we are sure we could manage to be satisfied with two meals a day, if we might have a little rice-water before we lie down to sleep; and then, ma'am, if you would give what our supper costs to Catechist Moses, he would buy a little food for the poor children at Ventoola. We have no money, but then we are fed and clothed, so please, ma'am, will you allow this?"

It was a request that could not be refused, and the cost of their supper, with something added, was sent to the poor starving ones, while the dear children in the school had their "rice-water," with a plantain.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON II.—APRIL 10.

JOSEPH EXALTED.—GEN. 41: 33-45.

COMMIT VERSES 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Ps. 37: 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faithfulness in adversity is the way to prosperity.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 39: 1-23.
T. Gen. 40: 1-23.
W. Gen. 41: 1-36.
Th. Gen. 41: 37-57.
F. Ps. 105: 1-22.
Sa. Prov. 3: 1-28.
Su. Matt. 25: 14-29.

TIME.—B.C. 1716; thirteen years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Heliopolis, the ancient On, was the scene of Joseph's slavery, imprisonment, and life as a prince. It was then the capital of Lower Egypt, and situated on the Nile near the head of the Delta.

RULERS.—Aphophis, the last king of the fifteenth dynasty, was the Pharaoh or king of Egypt.

EGYPT.—Egypt was at this time the most flourishing kingdom the world had known. It was exceedingly fruitful; writing, painting, architecture, weaving, mathematics and learning were cultivated very extensively. Heliopolis, Memphis, and Thebes and Zoan (Tanis) were its chief cities and capitals.

JOSEPH.—Now thirty years old; ten years had been spent in slavery, and three in prison.

JACOB.—121 years old, and still living at Hebron.

INTRODUCTION.—Joseph, after reaching Egypt, was sold by the Midianites to Potiphar, captain of the guard at Heliopolis. Now begins a long series of preparations for the life-work of Joseph. He was soon made to be the overseer over all Potiphar's estate. Everything prospered under his hand. Then he was, on an unjust accusation, cast into prison, where he remained three years. Here his good behavior and kindness gave him favor. He interpreted the dreams of two high officers, and through that fact, when Pharaoh dreamed some marvellous dreams, he was called on to give their interpretations.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

42. HIS RING—the royal signet-ring, with which all orders and decrees were signed. VESTURES—the second insignia of his rank. 43. SECOND CHARIOT—the one next to Pharaoh. 45. ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH—either "Governor of the Living One," or "Bread of Life." ASENATH—"devoted to Neith," i.e., the Goddess of wisdom. PRIEST OF ON—i.e., Heliopolis. The priests were the very highest rank. 46. WENT THROUGH ALL THE LAND—to see what was needed, and make preparations.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Joseph's conduct in adversity.—The divine element in his life.—His own part in his success.—How his adversity prepared him for prosperity.—Pharaoh's dreams.—The steps to Joseph's advancement.—"A man in whom the spirit of God is."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what country are we now taken in our studies? How much time between the last lesson and this? What was the condition of Egypt? Where were Jacob and his sons?

SUBJECT: THE WAY TO A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

I. THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN ELEMENTS IN LIFE.—What became of Joseph when he reached Egypt? How long was he a slave to Potiphar? What kind of a life did he live? Why did prosperity attend his labors? Why was he sent to prison? How long did he remain there? What was his conduct? Whom was he enabled to help? What do we know about the severity of his imprisonment? (Ps. 105: 17-18.)

In how many places in this narrative do you see God's hand in matters that influenced Joseph's life, and which yet were beyond his control? Could he of himself have attained success? What part had he in his success? Are these two elements in all our lives?

What can you tell about Egypt at this time? Are the Bible accounts confirmed by the monuments? What should we learn as to our lives by tracing the divine and human elements in them?

II. LONG PREPARATION FOR LIFE'S WORK.—How many years was Joseph being prepared for his great work in Egypt? How would his experience aid him in understanding the Egyptians? in strengthening his character? in increasing his faith in God? in imparting skill in managing affairs? What does Jesus say in Matt. 25: 29?

What strange dreams came to Pharaoh? How did it come to pass that Joseph was called to interpret them? What was their meaning? What wise advice did Joseph give?

III. THE SUCCESSFUL LIFE (vs. 38-45).—Would Joseph's life have been a success if he had only gained character and experience, and had not been exalted to be ruler? What was Joseph's outward success? Why did Pharaoh choose him to be ruler? Why is one "in whom the spirit of God is" sure to be both wise and good? What four marks of high office were given to Joseph? Whom did he marry?

What was Joseph's great work to be? How did he accomplish it? Was this greater success than his honors and wealth?

Was Joseph right in marrying a heathen wife? Were his plans statesmanlike and wise? Why did he not let his father know that he was alive? What are the elements of true success? What is the way to success as taught by this lesson? Does true success include heaven? Will the same principles apply to that as to success in our earthly life?

LESSON III.—APRIL 17.

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN.—GEN. 45: 1-15.

COMMIT VERSES 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our duty and privilege, to overcome evil with good.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 42: 1-17.
T. Gen. 42: 18-38.
W. Gen. 43: 1-17.
Th. Gen. 43: 18-34.
F. Gen. 44: 1-34.
Sa. Gen. 45: 1-15.
Su. Rom. 12: 9-21.

TIME.—B.C. 1707, two years after the famine began; nine years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Heliopolis, the capital of Lower Egypt. About 250 miles from Hebron, Jacob's home.

RULERS.—Probably Aphophis, fifteenth dynasty, shepherd kings. Egypt flourishing as a kingdom.

JACOB.—About 130 years old, still living at Hebron with eleven sons.

JOSEPH.—Thirty-nine years old, of which he had lived 22 years in Egypt. He has a wife and two children. Benjamin, 24 or 25 years old.

HISTORICAL CONFIRMATIONS.—The pictured tombs and monuments of Egypt are each year throwing new light and confirmation upon the Bible history of these times.

INTRODUCTION.—The famine extended to other countries besides Egypt, and was felt severely in Canaan. Jacob and his sons endured it for two years, and then the sons, all but Benjamin, went to Egypt to buy grain. Joseph knew them, but they did not recognize him. He tested them in various ways to see whether they had become better, and loved their father, and were worthy of his confidence. He found his brethren better. They who before had sold Joseph from envy, were willing to be slaves for the loved Benjamin. Read the history in chapters 42-44. When he had proved them sufficiently, he made himself known to them, and took the whole family under his care.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. CAUSE EVERY MAN TO GO OUT—they must not witness this scene, and they must not know how these men once treated their brother. 2. HOUSE OF PHARAOH—household, the people in the palace. 5. GOD DID SEND ME—this was right for Joseph to say. It would have shown a wrong spirit for them to have said it, as if they were not to blame. 6. EARING—old English for ploughing. 8. A FATHER TO PHARAOH—one who has taken care of him and his kingdom. 10. LAND OF GOSHEN—extending along the eastern branch of the mouths of the Nile to the Mediterranean. 13. TELL OF ALL MY GLORY—not from pride, but to comfort his father, and to convince him that Joseph could do what he promised. It was safe to accept his invitation.

QUESTIONS.

THE STORY.—How long had Joseph been in Egypt? How old was he? Where were his father and brethren living? How far away was it? How wide did the famine extend? How long after the famine began was the first trip of the brothers into Egypt. Give an account of this expedition. Tell the story of the second expedition?

SUBJECT: OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

I. BY GOD'S WORK OF DISCIPLINE IN THOSE WHO HAD DONE WRONG.—Name the various events in this story which would bring to the mind of the brothers their past evil deeds. How would this help them to grow better? How long was it since they had sold Joseph? Point out in the narrative the proofs that they remembered their crime. How would their father's sorrow lead them to repentance? What proofs do you find in the narrative that the brothers had grown better?

Why do the results of sin make the guilt more deeply felt? Why is it necessary to feel our sins before we will deeply repent? Is all God's discipline intended to make us better?

II. BY RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL (vs. 1-4, 9-15).—How did Joseph treat his brothers at first? Why was he so harsh to them? How did he test them to see whether they had repented, and had become good enough for him to trust? Did they stand the test?

Describe how Joseph made himself known. How did he show that he had forgiven them? What good did he return for their evil? Did this overcome the evil in them? How does Jesus tell us to treat those who have injured us? (Matt. 5: 39-48.) What does Paul tell us to do? (Rom. 12: 14, 17, 19-21.)

How was it that the brothers did not know Joseph while he knew them? Why does not returning evil for evil overcome evil? Is proper punishment a returning evil for evil? Does God conquer sinners by his love and goodness? If we do good to those who have wronged us, for the sake of "burning them up as with coals of fire," will it accomplish its purpose?

III. BY GOD'S OVERRULING PROVIDENCE (vs. 5-8).—By what assurance did Joseph comfort his brethren? How could God be said to have done it? Did this lessen their sin? How would it help them to forgive themselves? Does God overrule the sins of men? What comfort to us in this assurance? What promise do you find in Rom. 8: 28?

IV. GOSPEL APPLICATIONS.—In what respects have we treated Jesus, our Elder Brother, as Joseph's brethren treated him? What do you find in Joseph's treatment of his brothers that will illustrate Jesus' feelings and actions toward us? What should such treatment lead us to?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE RESTLESS BOY AT CHURCH.

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide-awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some old hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair,
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church!

Still, each naughty trick flies
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church!

Another trick comes?
Yes! His finger he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head,
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes,
That I'm bound to confess;
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise,
And He surely wants them in church!

Such children, you know,
Long, long years ago,
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though disciples were bored;
So we'll still keep them near Him in church!
—*Episcopal Recorder.*

RULING WITH DILIGENCE.

BY E. P. ALLAN.

"I used to wonder," said old Aunt Halibone, "what the apostle meant by the injunction to rule with wisdom, with firmness, with justness? But diligence—it seemed as if he had mistaken his word. I am now eighty years old," continued the old lady, "and it is only this summer that I have discovered how apt that apostolic expression is about ruling with diligence.

"I have been visiting two dear nieces, sweet, lovely young women both of them, living far apart and in circumstances also very far apart. They have the same theory of family Government, but Lilian, busy, oppressed with household cares, often without servants, issues her commands, and that is too often the end of it. 'Roy,' I would hear her say to her seven-year-old boy, 'get down off that lattice, and don't let me see you on it again.' Roy, to my surprise, would not stir, and his mother would hurry away to the kitchen, diligent to see that dinner was cooked, diligent to have her house in order, but not diligent in ruling the little wills under her guidance.

"I found many excuses for poor overworked Lilian, but I did not enjoy my visit to Riverside nor the acquaintance of my handsome, smart, disobedient great nephews.

"I went from her home to Grace's. There were many drawbacks to my enjoyment there; to a plain, countrifted old woman like myself the pomp and ceremony and parade of fashionable life are a great trial; but one thing rested me and made my stay a pleasant one; five perfectly obedient children; consequently five sweet, interesting, happy, loving, and lovable children.

"And the secret of it was just diligence. Grace had more leisure than her sister, I grant you, but she used it for the very most important of all mother purposes, namely, ruling her children. Quietly, affectionately, without brawling or nagging or threatening, she gave her gentle commands, and then attended to having them obeyed.

"'Little chicks,' I heard her ask, raising her finger, playfully, 'who tore up all that paper under my library window?'

"'I 'spect I did,' answered Gerty, the youngest, a mere baby three years old, perhaps.

"'Well, then, lady-bird, trot off and pick it all up."

"Just then company, the inevitable company, was ushered in, and I could but smile to see baby Gertude's quickness to take advantage of this fact. Mother would forget about the paper, she thought; I thought so too. But we were both mistaken. The littered paper was too small a matter to have stayed in the mother's occupied mind, but her child's obedience was above all other considerations.

"Not hearing the little footsteps going in the direction of obedience, my niece got up, with a brief, graceful apology, and left the parlor. Her eyes were stern now and her voice, though low, was no longer tender. A look, a tone, quickly admonished the little delinquent, and the mother stood gravely by till the scraps had been picked up. I think Gerty will go at the first bidding next time. But oh, a mother needs every day and hour to rule with diligence!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HARSH WORDS.

We never intend to speak them; No, indeed. But when there is everything to do, and but one pair of hands to work with, when the fire won't kindle, or the cake will fall, when we are so tired and nervous that we feel as if we certainly should fly, and the children tease and hang about our skirts, or get into some new mischief, or, worse still, pick quarrels with each other, quarrels that we have not time to inquire into to ascertain who started them. Then, oh, then, almost before we have time to think, these harsh words pass our lips! We feel as though we really could not help saying them, for those children were so very trying. In fact, I think children are liable to be far more troublesome when we are in a hurry than at any other time; and it is hard to keep back the quick, angry words that rise to our lips. But, mothers, don't you honestly think that there are a great many times when we don't try to keep them back? Yet when the hurry and bustle of the day is over, and we stand beside the little beds where lie our little sleeping treasures we say softly to ourselves as we stoop to press the goodnight kiss upon the little, rosy, innocent faces, "How could we have spoken such quick harsh words to our darlings!" And yet when the next day comes we do just the same thing. When Frankie and Charlie quarrel over a top string, and with hot cheeks and loud words proclaim their individual rights to the said string, instead of firmly but gently parting the disputants, and inquiring into the cause of the quarrel, how apt we busy, nervous mothers are to snatch the string from the little eager hands, thrust it into the fire, and scold the young rebels roundly and vigorously without stopping to choose our words. We tell them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, good-for-nothing young scamps. We wish they knew how to behave one-half as well as somebody's else boys across the street. All our boys seem to know is just how to quarrel. And while we are talking we do not stop to think how loudly our own voices are raised, how angry we really are, and how the boys can not but think that we are quarrelling with them harder than they were among themselves.

And so throughout the day, and the next day; and in fact nearly every day the habit grows upon us. We don't stop to think how often we say those harsh words. How often and how needlessly we scold our little ones for something that perhaps they have not done. We don't mean to wound or hurt the little tender, sensitive hearts, or we don't mean to make our boys and girls sullen and indifferent, yet many, many times we do so. Many times we say a dozen harsh words that first wound, and then harden the child's heart, when one or two softly-spoken, gentle words of reproof would have melted the angry heart and make the little one feel that mamma never accused unjustly, or hurt feelings intentionally.

We cannot have our little ones with us a great while at the most; soon, all too soon, for the loving mother hearts, our boys and girls will have grown up and left the home nest to try the world for themselves. Don't you think, then, that we will look back over the days that have passed and think of the many quick, sharp words we uttered to the little ones that now are so far from us.

Don't you think we will realize then how often we were to blame for things that we blame the children for? I think we will. A few days ago I had one of those dreadfully "trying" days, as we call them; everything had gone wrong. It was baking day, and in the first place the oven wouldn't heat. I piled on more wood, opened all the drafts, and the consequence was that when I went to look at my pies a few minutes later, I found the upper crust burnt black, while I knew that the lower crust must be raw dough. My little eight-year-old Clarice exclaimed at the sight of the blackened, spoiled pastry. "Poor little woman!" She was only trying to sympathize with me, but I pushed her impatiently aside, saying: "There, now, hold your tongue, and mind your own affairs. If you hadn't been bothering about the kitchen I shouldn't have spoiled all my cooking." Poor little girl, she looked at me so reproachfully as much as to say: "Why, mamma, you know that I never made you spoil your cooking." I saw the look but was too angry to care for it. Then when Freddie upset the pitcher of milk accidentally over my clean floor, I declared passionately that there was no need of his having done so. He never looked where he was going, or cared how much trouble he made me, careless boy that he was.

I scolded Clarice for letting two-year-old Rossie fall off the steps. I scolded Rossie for falling, and then when the little fellow sobbed and cried, and hung about my skirts, coaxing mamma to "Take Baby," I shook him roughly off, declaring that mamma could not be bothered, Baby was naughty, etc., etc.

That night after the little ones were snugly tucked away in their respective beds and cribs, I sat down to my sewing, and thought over the incidents of the day. The children had been so tiresome, so hateful and aggravating, and—Just then my younger sister in an adjoining room commenced to sing, and the words seemed to have been written expressly for me:

If we knew that baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and still to-morrow,
Never troublesome again,
Would the sweet voice of our darlings
Meet the frown upon our brow?
Would those tiny, little fingers
Vex us then, as they do now?

The verse ended I rose and stole into the darkened chamber where my darlings lay. My precious treasures! Suppose, oh, suppose that to-morrow they should be beyond the reach of mamma's harsh, cruel words. Suppose that before another day should dawn my little ones would be cold and still; when they would never know how sorry mamma was for those harsh words she had spoken. My precious little ones, my god-given jewels, I had not intended to be so harsh with them. I was in such a hurry, and everything went wrong, and I did not think, that was the trouble, I did not think. How very cruel and harsh my words must have sounded to my darlings. And to-morrow they might be where they would never again hear any hasty, harsh words, and would they ever know that mamma never meant them? That mamma did not think?—*Mrs. May E. Stafford, in American Kindergarten.*

It Would be a Good Plan if every boy could have the training of a West Point cadet in orderliness. No untidiness allowed in his room! Every inch of it must be in perfect order; and he must put it so and keep it so himself. How independent and comfortable this habit makes the man. A word or two now, to the mothers. Mothers are apt to let their boys go. "Sallie," says mother to Bob's sister, "put away your things; keep your drawers in order; and while you are about it do put away Bob's things, too." I know a mother who trained her three boys always to open wide the windows, take off the bed-clothes, and put both bed-clothes and mattress to air before leaving their bedrooms in the morning.—*Frances A. Humphrey, in Wide Awake.*

The Ventilation of school-rooms, especially in winter, is one of the teacher's most serious difficulties. The importance of good ventilation can scarcely be over-rated. Neither teacher nor pupil can do good work, or preserve the cheerful, elastic frame of mind which is one of its conditions, in an atmosphere vitiated as that of every room containing a considerable number of pupils must become in a short time when doors and windows are closed. Time will be saved and health and good spirits promoted by frequently throwing open doors and windows for a few minutes, and have the children form into line and march briskly around the room until it is thoroughly charged with fresh air. No wise teacher will neglect to do this.—*School Journal.*

RECIPES.

Graham Biscuit.—Three cupfuls of Graham flour, one cupful of white flour, three cupfuls of fresh or sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one heaping tablespoonful of white sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix and bake as you do the white soda biscuit.

Hominy.—Soak a cup of small hominy for two hours in enough cold water to cover it. Drain, put over the fire in a farina kettle, with a quart of warm water slightly salted, and cook for half an hour after it reaches the boil. If it has not soaked up all the water pour it off, and supply the place with a cup of warm milk. Bring it to a boil and serve. Eat with meat as a vegetable or with sugar and cream.

The Stains on linen can be easily removed, but the quick process will be very apt to destroy the fabric. A slower, but better way, is to rub the stain on both sides with yellow soap. Mix starch and cold water to a thick paste and rub it well into the linen on both sides of the stain. Spread the linen on the grass, if possible in the sun and wind, till the stain disappears. If not entirely removed in two or three days, rub off the paste and renew the process. Lemon juice added to the paste is good.

Macaroni Pudding.—Take one good cupful of macaroni, break in small pieces and boil in water until soft, then put in a pudding dish; beat up the yolks of five eggs, two cups of granulated sugar, a little salt, one quart of milk and stir all together. Beat your eggs well. Grate nutmeg and beat one hour. Take the whites of the eggs and beat stiff; one-half cup of granulated sugar, teaspoonful essence of lemon; when the pudding is done, spread it over the top, set in the oven and brown.

Gems.—Four cupfuls of sifted flour, one and a half cupfuls of milk, one and a half cupfuls of water. Mix and beat thoroughly and lightly for ten minutes, heat the gem pans hot in the oven, then butter them, fill them two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven. The *Cottage Hearth* gives this simple recipe for Graham gems: Two coffee cupfuls of Graham flour, one of milk, small cupful of water, and one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Hot gem pans and hot oven.

Almond and Potato Pudding.—Rub half a pound of cold, mealy potatoes through a fine sieve; place them in a stew-pan with two ounces of ground almonds, six ounces of white sugar, an ounce of butter, a little grated nutmeg, and essence of lemon. Stand on the stove and let it get slightly warm, add half a gill of milk and the yolks of five eggs; work well together; beat up the whites of the eggs to a firm snow, then lightly stir in the potato mixture. Butter a tin mould, pour in the mixture, and bake in a quick oven for forty minutes; turn out carefully and serve.

Egg Salad.—Boil six fresh eggs fifteen minutes, take off the shells carefully, cut them through lengthwise and turn out the yolks on a plate together, pulverize them as fine as possible, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut or larger, two teaspoonfuls of ground mustard and some salt, mix together thoroughly, then, with a knife, fill the cavities in the whites (being careful to do it neatly), rounding them up a little, place the pieces singly on a plate, dress with parsley round the edges and between the pieces, and you will not only have a very pretty looking dish for the tea-table, but a very fine relish. I hope some of our friends will try it.

Mother's Plum Pudding.—One and one-half cupfuls of suet, rubbed fine; two cupfuls raisins, seeded and chopped; one of currants; one-fourth pound citron, cut small; two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed through the fruit; three heaping cupfuls of bread crumbs; two tablespoonsful of ginger; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; a half nutmeg, grated; one cupful of New Orleans molasses; add, lastly, one and a half cups of milk, in which a heaping teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; put in a mould and steam four hours. Or tie in a cloth, wrung from hot water, and dredged with flour, and boil four hours. The water should boil when the pudding is put in, should not cease boiling till the pudding is done, and be replenished as it boils away.

PUZZLES.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a circular frame turning on an axis.
   Behead me and I am a part of the foot.
   Behead me again and I am a fish resembling a snake.
2. I am a home for animals.
   Behead me and I am a piece of household furniture.
   Behead me again and I mean *capable of doing.*

SQUARE WORD.

1. A girl's name. 2. A period of time. 3. Always.

CHARADE.

A very very, little word
My first is, you will see,
And that my second is a youth
I think you will agree.

My third is something much disliked
By those of riper years,
And when my second makes it
They often stop their ears.

My whole one whose lot was cast
Within a lowly home,
But who, at length, by magic arts,
Did rear a palace dome.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Square Word.—

V A S E
A R E A
S E E R
E A R S

Riddle.—Partition.

Initial Changes.—Bane, cane, Dane, fane, lane, mane, pane, sane, vane, wain.

The Family Circle.

MY CLASS FOR JESUS.

(Published by request.)

"My precious class for Jesus, who did so much for me,
Who paid the price which justice claimed, in hours of agony.
'Tis little, O my Saviour, that my weak hand can give,
O let me win these thoughtless ones, to look to thee and live.

My whole dear class for Jesus, now in their youthful bloom,
Ere shadows lie across the path, dull sickness and the tomb;
While life is in its morning, and bright things cluster high,
May these immortal souls lay up their treasure in the sky.

My whole dear class for Jesus, O! let not one be lost,
When Calvary was the fearful sum their wondrous ransom cost;
One little step may sever the parting veil away,
And forms that now are glad and fair, to-morrow may be clay.

For Jesus, O for Jesus, the time is fleeting fast,
The Holy Sabbaths hasten by; soon, soon will come the last.
O! teachers toil for Jesus, as ne'er ye toiled before,
That each may bear a precious sheaf, to yonder shining shore."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY MARY B. WHITING.

In a pretty village, not far from London, lived a family named Morgan. Mr. Morgan was a person of influence in the neighborhood; his house was open to all his friends, for he was a liberal hearted man, somewhat easily led, but popular with all on account of his genial manner. He had a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom were growing up at the time of which I write. He was rich and everything that man could desire seemed to be his, and yet upon this lovely and seemingly happy home there rested a hidden blight.

Mrs. Morgan had been left an orphan at an early age, and had been brought up in great luxury by her uncle.

Hubert Morgan had married her against the advice of his friends, who warned him that such habits as Ellen had been trained in could never be eradicated; but he only laughed at their prophecies, and replied that it was absurd to take such a view of a girl who was still under twenty, she would soon forget all she had known in her uncle's house—a new life would begin with her new home. Under some circumstances no doubt, this might have proved true, but Mr. Morgan was not the man to counteract long-formed habits by a steady influence of his own; he was careless and easy-going, devotedly fond of his wife—ready to let her have her own way in everything.

An old friend of Mr. Morgan's, Hadley by name, came down to lunch one day. He was one of those who had warned his friend against his marriage, and he was glad to find Mrs. Morgan a quiet and ladylike looking person; but his face grew rather grave as he saw the formidable array of bottles that stood upon the table, and noticed that Mrs. Morgan filled her glass three or four times before luncheon was over.

During the afternoon a walk round the place was proposed, and Mrs. Morgan went out of the room to put on her hat. Mr. Hadley was standing in the hall waiting for his host when a sound in the dining-room attracted his attention, and looking through the open door he saw Mrs. Morgan putting a glass of wine to her lips. He shuddered involuntarily.

"Her husband cannot know of this," was the thought that crossed his mind, but at the same moment Mr. and Mrs. Morgan came out of the dining-room together, and invited their guest to walk. His attention was sadly disturbed by what he had seen, but still he managed to conceal his thoughts from his friends.

"You will have a cup of tea before you start, will you not?" asked Mrs. Morgan as they returned to the house, and Mr. Hadley accepted her offer. The tea was standing in the drawing-room when they entered, and Mr. Hadley took a cup, but what were his feelings when he heard Mrs. Morgan say to the servant, "Bring me a glass of sherry, tea makes me so nervous." He could hardly restrain his disgust, and when he was once on his way to the station, whither Mr. Morgan had insisted on driving him, he could resist speaking no longer.

"I hope you will forgive me for mentioning an unpleasant topic," he began, "but do you think it is wise to allow such an unlimited use of wine in your house?"

"What do you mean?"

"I do not want to say anything to offend you, but may I ask whether Mrs. Morgan is taking wine under doctor's orders?"

"No, but she takes nothing to speak of; I assure you it is all right."

Mr. Hadley did not like to say more, and his friend soon changed the subject; but as they shook hands at parting, he said in a low tone, "Do not forget my warning."

The years passed quickly by and children's voices echoed in the Morgans' pleasant home. Mrs. Morgan loved her children sincerely, but even for their sakes she could not put aside the fatal habit which had gained so strong a footing.

It was a long time since Mr. Hadley had visited the house, for he had been in India looking after the affairs of the firm with which he was connected, and Mr. Morgan was surprised one day by receiving a letter from him proposing to come down. He wrote off at once offering his friend a warm welcome, but as the day of his arrival drew near he felt somewhat uneasy at the prospect. Mr. Hadley's long neglected warning came back to his mind, and he could not but acknowledge that much went on in his house of which his friend would strongly disapprove. However, he consoled himself by the thought that on the surface nothing was amiss, and went to meet him with pleasant anticipations. Mr. Hadley could not restrain a slight gesture of surprise as he stepped upon the platform. Mr. Morgan had grown stout and florid in the years that had elapsed since their last meeting; his eyes were dimmer, and he had lost all the look of healthy activity, which had once so strongly characterized him; but he still retained his old hearty manner, and he greeted his friend warmly. Mr. Morgan had looked forward a little nervously to the after-dinner hour, for he knew he must not expect an undisturbed *tete-a-tete*; Harold was the only one of his sons at home, and as soon as he had swallowed all the wine his father would allow him, he always escaped out of doors. Mr. Hadley sat silent for some time after he was gone, and Mr. Morgan moved uneasily in his seat, with the air of a man expecting a lecture.

"What do you propose to do with that boy?" asked Mr. Hadley at last.

"I don't know exactly; he has good abilities, but he seems to care for no particular line."

Mr. Hadley had made up his mind that if Harold were not put under strict discipline for a time he would be ruined, and he resolved that if possible such a fate should be prevented.

"What do you say to my taking Harold out to India with me?" he asked.

"To India!"

"Yes. I would take him into my own office, and watch over him as a son for your sake."

"His mother would never allow it, he is the light of her eyes, and she cannot bear to be parted from him for a day."

"Still she must part from him some time or other, and I am sure you will find that unless he is put to steady work he will get into mischief."

Mr. Morgan hated discussions, as he hated trouble of all kinds, and the most that Mr. Hadley could get from him was a permission to talk the matter over with his wife. This he took the first opportunity of doing, and found to his surprise that she did not oppose the scheme as strongly as he had expected. A dim idea was beginning to dawn upon her that she had not done all she might for her children, and that perhaps some of their many faults might be traced to the fact of her own unrestrained self-indulgence. So the matter was settled, though much against Harold's will.

Before Mr. Hadley left he took an opportunity of speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan in private. "I must not conceal from you," he said, "that I have great fears for your boy. I will do all I can for him, but still his future rests with himself, and it gives me great uneasiness to see a lad of his age so addicted to wine."

"Addicted to wine!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "what a dreadful phrase; he takes nothing but a glass now and then."

"If it were but a glass now and then, I should not be so anxious about him," replied Mr. Hadley. "I give you fair warning that I shall do all in my power to induce him to give up the use of wine altogether."

"That is too strong a measure," said Mr. Morgan; "restrict him if you can, but don't draw the bow too tight."

"I will do my best to act wisely. With God's help, in some cases, no doubt, young men can drink a little, without temptation, but, in his case, forgive me for saying it, we must remember his early training."

There was a silence after the words were spoken, and, seeing that he had made an impression, Mr. Hadley went away without saying more. He resolved not to begin by rousing Harold's opposition on the temperance question unless he were obliged, and nearly the whole voyage passed without any occasion for interference having arisen. The constant amusement Harold found in the new scenes which surrounded him kept him from transgressing and Mr. Hadley began to feel more hopeful for his future.

But one day, as they were nearing their destination, the captain announced his intention of giving a sort of farewell dinner to the passengers. Mr. Hadley was one of the most cheerful of the party, but he had not forgotten his young charge. He had tried in vain to get Harold to sit next him, and he saw with disappointment that his glass was again and again filled and emptied. He took advantage of a move at last to lean over his chair and say, in an undertone, "I am going up on deck, will you not come, too?"

Harold's cheek was flushed, and his tones indistinct, as he answered, "Not I—much better fun here."

Mr. Hadley knew it was no use to press the matter; but the next morning he put his arm kindly through the lad's and drew him aside.

"What made you refuse to come with me last night?" he asked.

"Oh! I was enjoying myself."

"You don't look as though you were enjoying yourself very much this morning."

"Those sort of things leave a headache behind them," said Harold laughing lightly.

"Ah! my boy," said Mr. Hadley, in a serious tone, "they leave something worse than a headache; you will soon find to your cost that such things carry a heartache with them. Do promise me before we land that you will keep out of the way of temptation in the future; the course that you have entered upon can only end in misery in this world and the next."

"What do you mean?" asked Harold, angrily.

"Do not be vexed with me if I say that half-measures will be of no use to you. I want you to promise me that you will abstain altogether, from the moment you put your foot on shore."

"It is great nonsense, but of course I can do it if I choose."

"You cannot do it in your own strength; trust in God's grace alone can keep you steadfast."

Harold made no answer at the time, but the next day he came to Mr. Hadley, and said, earnestly, "I do not think you can have any idea of the craving for wine which I feel; but still I am willing to make you a promise that I will go without any intoxicating drink for a year from this date."

Mr. Hadley's face beamed with joy. "I cannot tell you what pleasure it gives me to hear what you say," he exclaimed, "and I am sure that at the year's end you will acknowledge that you never felt better or happier in your life."

Harold smiled rather incredulously, but made no reply. Sorely was he tempted during the weeks that followed, but the thought of his promise restrained him. Mr. Hadley watched his conduct day by day, and began to think that all was really safe; his heart was filled with thankfulness at the thought that another young life was saved from the curse of drunkenness; but yet he rejoiced with trembling, for he knew that fierce temptations still lay before the lad.

He was late at the office one morning, for he had been detained at his own house, and when he entered his first glance showed him Harold standing at his desk, with bloodshot eyes and shaking hand.

"Come to my room, Morgan," said Mr. Hadley, in a stern voice. Harold obeyed reluctantly, but when his friend spoke to him kindly, he burst into tears, and confessed with shame how he had been led away on the previous night. Mr. Hadley knelt down, and poured forth an earnest prayer for the unhappy lad, who promised amendment in eager words.

But not many days had passed before Harold fell again, and this time he remained sullen and unrepentant; again and again was the same scene witnessed, and each time he became more hardened and reckless. In vain Mr. Hadley pointed out to him the awful risk he was running; Harold listened doggedly, but refused to take the warning. "Give it up for your mother's sake, if not for your own," urged his friend one day, when all other arguments had proved unavailing.

Harold turned fiercely upon him, "It was my mother who first taught me to love it," he cried, and the other's heart sank at the terrible words.

"Young Morgan will soon do for himself at this rate," said the doctor one evening as he met Mr. Hadley returning from his office. "Drinking as he does in this climate must bring on brain fever sooner or later."

"What can be done to save him?"

"I don't know, unless you can send him away on some business tour. Hard work and new scenes might give him a chance."

"That is what I said once before," answered Mr. Hadley sadly. "Such cures are of no avail when it runs in the blood."

It was not many days after this that a pencilled note was handed to Mr. Hadley one morning. It was written by Harold, and in it he implored his friend to come to him. Mr. Hadley was soon at the house, and found the lad in bed. A glance was sufficient to tell him that the doctor's words were true, Harold was on the brink of a serious illness. He grasped his hand as he stooped over him. "I see it now," he said, "too late! I have not striven as I might have done, but oh! I was born with a curse upon me!"

"Hush!" said Mr. Hadley, "do not think of that now, let us ask for forgiveness." He knelt by the bedside, and Harold clasped his feeble hands in prayer, but hardly had he finished before raging delirium seized him, and he became unconscious.

For three days and nights Mr. Hadley never left him; all that unwearied care and attention could do was done, but it was indeed too late. "He will not see another morning," said the doctor on the third evening.

The hours passed slowly away, until at midnight Harold opened his eyes; Mr. Hadley bent forward and took his hand, but the dying lad did not notice him, his gaze seemed to be fixed on something before him, and he exclaimed, in low but distinct tones, "Mother, this is your doing!" Then fell back and died.

Who shall describe the sudden and sharp anguish that filled the mother's heart when the dread news was made known to her. There are no words to convey the depth of despair that seized upon her soul. Oh! women of England, look to it that while such opportunities of good are put into your hands, you do not abuse them and cause the souls of those whom you love to go astray.

There is no balm to heal the wound which is made by the thought that we have turned another's steps out of the way; the sin indeed may be forgiven through the all-atoning Blood of Christ, but the agony of remorse can never be stilled on this side of the grave.—*Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

LEAVING THEM TO GOD.

In West Africa a society in England has started a school for native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her schoolmate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck "Did you strike her back again?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know that we shall not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then, whatever our enemies do, or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to Him, praying that He would forgive them and make them our friends.

A STRANGE SLEEPING-PLACE.

We've lost our dear Harry, our own little boy!
  Oh, where can the little one be?
We've searched every corner and nook of the house;
  Nurse wants him to come to his tea.

Let's look in the garden. Alas! he's not there!
  The shadows of evening have come.
"Oh, Harry!" cries mother, her heart full of fear,
  "Come home, my wee darling, come home!"

But what is the matter with Oscar just now?
  He seems quite excited and wild;
And what do I see, in the back of his couch,
  But the dress of my dear little child?

Asleep in the kennel, curled up in the straw,
  His rosy face pressed on his arm;
While honest old Oscar lies down by his side,
  To keep his companion from harm.

"Oh Harry, you rogue! you have frightened me so!"
  Cried mother, her heart full of joy.
"You never must sleep in the kennel again,
  Or I'll think you a naughty wee boy."

—*The Prize.*

A STRANGE SLEEPING-PLACE.

A HARD WINTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The question was, should Dick remain at school?

"I'm afraid you'll have to give it up, Dick, my boy. I'm sorry, old fellow, but there doesn't seem to be a way out; and mamma and myself have talked it over and over until we are exhausted. It breaks my heart to disappoint you, Dick." It was papa, who spoke, rather sorrowfully.

Dick Hanford was standing beside his father, with an arm thrown lovingly over the latter's shoulder. Mr. Hanford was very pale and thin, and had a languid appearance. He was, in fact, recovering from a long siege of rheumatic fever, which had drained the little family of its savings, and owing to which Mr. Hanford had lost his position. It would be many weeks before he could take another place, even if one could easily be found, which was doubtful.

In the meantime Mrs. Hanford and Eva were supporting the family. Eva painted scarfs, vases, cups and saucers, screens, and other decorative articles, and had a market for them in the city, where a dealer in bric-a-brac kept her supplied with orders. In the intervals of nursing her husband Mrs. Hanford wrote stories and sketches, which were sometimes accepted and paid for, and sometimes declined with thanks. Between the two they kept the pot boiling, and had gotten through the father's long illness without debt, but as for continuing Dick at the academy, it was not to be thought of. Not honestly, at least, said the mother; and in this little home there was a horror of dishonesty. "Either," said the Hanfords, "we will pay our way, or we will do without what we want, no matter how much we want it."

So when Mr. Hanford, knowing that Dick understood the situation perfectly, explained that the academy bills could no longer be met, Dick, setting his lips together, and bravely keeping back the tears which came near starting, notwithstanding his fourteen years, made the best of it.

"You could not ask mamma or sister to work any harder than they do, Dick," said the father. "And it will be some time before I can hope to take my share of the load again. Meanwhile I can carry you on with your Latin and mathematics."

Dick went to his own den in the attic, and did a little thinking. Presently he came down, and appeared in the sitting-room with overcoat and rubbers on, cap in hand.

"I suppose, papa and mamma," he said, "that a fellow can keep on at school if he can pay his own bills? I've been thinking that perhaps I can earn the money myself."

Mamma looked up brightly. "That speech has the true ring, my boy. You have my consent to do anything honorable."

Papa held out his hand. "I wish you success, Dick; but don't be too sanguine."

Eva, looking up from a lovely spray of apple blossoms which, under her deft touches, was growing on the corner of a picture frame, exclaimed, "Please don't apprentice yourself to the livery-stable man, or become a newsboy, Dick; you would not make enough to pay for the hard work and the disagreeable associations."

"I am thinking of applying for a position in which the work is hard enough, but which will pay me very well. I am going up to Deacon Dale's to inquire whether the First Church has yet found a sexton."

And shutting the door gently, the boy was off, lifting his cap to the trio as he shot like an arrow past the window where Eva bent over her dainty palette, with brush poised in the air, and a wondering expression on her face.

"Poor Dick!" they'll never accept him for that work; it needs a strong man," was mamma's comment. "And I could hardly consent to it if they should," she added.

"I wish Dick would come home," the mother was saying, when there was a great stamping of feet, and the sound of a merry whistle at the threshold, and presently in burst the boy with a cheery,

"Hello, little mater! Wish me joy, please. You behold the sexton *pro tem.* of the old church. The situation is mine for a month, on trial, and for the year after that, if I choose to retain it."

Mrs. Hanford's sympathy with Dick might always be counted on, and she warmly congratulated him. For the sexton's salary was thirty dollars a month, and that, she well knew, would pay the boy's term bills, clothe him and leave something over for the future. But had she foreseen precisely how much her Richard had made himself responsible for, she would have been very doubtful of his power of holding out.

The new sexton found himself in business. There were the fires to be lighted and attended to on Sundays and on week-days too, for the church had meetings of one sort or another nearly every day. The bell had to be rung whenever there was a service, and the paths around the building to be kept clear, which of itself was no easy "chore," as the villagers said. It really seemed that winter as though the snow fell every day. All the coasting, the skating, the tobogganing, which the young people enjoyed so fully, was given up by Dick, who, as sexton, found no time for play. He protected his hands with leathern gloves and his pantaloons with overalls, and nobody saw a cloud on his face nor heard a sigh as he manfully attacked his duties. He did find time for his studies, though, and his place in his classes was higher than ever. The head-master complimented him openly at chapel exercises one day, and the boys, who had at first dubbed him "Old Mortality," and poked fun at his sextonship, began to be proud of him as a leader.

The cold came down one February night with a sharpness which the oldest inhabitant did not recollect. There came a long period of skating—such skating as sets the blood dancing, and paints the cheeks red, and makes life a splendid holiday. Poor Dick counted on one day's frolic in the season, but on the very day he selected, the ladies gave an impromptu supper in the church parlor, which detained him, and that very night there came one of the heaviest snow-falls of the whole winter.

Disappointed as he was, the sight of his little bank-book, and the thought of the gold pieces deposited every month, and the bills promptly met, comforted him very much. Then, too, his father was getting well, and Dick was not a baby to cry over a trifle. The boys, however, held an indignation meeting one day after school.

"I'll tell you what," said Lewis Hunter, "Dick Hanford won't get his skates on once this winter. It's simply too bad. I suppose when the next thaw comes it'll put an end to the ice for the year."

"I vote that we all go up to the church with shovels to-morrow morning in a regular brigade—a relief party—and help him out with his work, on condition that he goes to Crystal Lake with us in the afternoon, and skates in the annual match."

This proposition came from Ronald Dexter. It was received with acclamation, and was carried out. So with a clear conscience and a light heart Dick joined the party to the lake.

The only drawback to full enjoyment was the fact that several fellows who did not know much about skating had insisted upon being of the company. Of course they did not enter the lists with those who skated for the prize—a silver pin presented by the sisters of the members of the club to the champion winner—but they skirmished about on the edges, made a great deal of noise, and occasionally met with an accident.

The number who were competing for the prize had gradually lessened till only two, Ron Dexter and Dick Hanford, almost side by side, with a long, sinuous, graceful sweep of motion, were nearing the goal. Suddenly there was a cry of distress in the rear. Ronald kept on steadily. Dick hesitated, paused and turned back

It was little Jack Mason, who, fired with ambition to do his best, had skated as near the course as he dared, determined to come in as close to the goal as the winners if he could. His skate had been caught in a seamy place, and he had been thrown violently down, and was unconscious. A crowd of frightened boys presently gathered about their prostrate comrade.

"He is dead," said Aleck Prime.

"Not dead, only faint," said Dick. "Don't raise him; lay him down, so, his head a little lower than his body. He'll come to presently, and then we'll turn to, bear a hand, and carry him home."

"Mother," said Dick, that evening, as he sat beside her for a few minutes talk before bedtime, "this has been a very busy winter, but I feel as if I'd grown an inch every way, not in stature alone."

"My boy has gained in manliness by his experience," said the mother, softly.

Just then Ronald Dexter, Lewis Hunter, and a half-dozen others made a call. They were the bearers of the silver pin, which they declared belonged to Dick for his humanity in resigning his chance of winning it, that he might go to the help of little Jack.

"Take it, Dick," insisted Ronald "I should never enjoy keeping it, for you fairly gave me the race. The girls will like better that you should wear it than I. Next year we'll try again."

By next year Dick's father was completely restored to health, and there was no occasion for Dick's serving as sexton. He resigned in favor of a stout Irishman, who did not, for all his tough muscles and broad shoulders, give as much satisfaction as Dick had, for brains will tell everywhere.

The best outcome of Dick's hard winter was not reached until a few years afterward, when he was taken into Judge Arnold's office to study law.

"A plucky, trustworthy young man with a clear purpose, and grit enough to hold on," said the Judge. "I've kept my eye on him ever since the winter when he lighted the fires and rang the bell for our church, and at the same time managed to have the best examination papers in the whole academy."—*Harper's Young People.*

ELLEN'S OFFERING.

BY EMMA STEWART.

Ellen Allen was a Christian girl, and it was with a sincere and earnest purpose that she asked of God—

"Help me this and every day
To live more nearly as I pray."

Yet she was young and often thoughtless; full of life and fun, and in danger of losing sight of the high standard of action she had set for herself with the opening year.

Miss Havergal's words are indeed an inspiration, by which the simple round of daily life may be made rich and beautiful with heavenly light, and Ellen wanted to realize this wish as expressed in one of her poems—

"A bright new year and a sunny track
Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves nor small nor few,
This is my new year's wish for you."

Ellen was sitting on the floor in her mother's room, arranging a box which held her fancy work. She was one of those who like to do what others are doing; consequently there were rolls of crocheted antique lace and lovely embroidered squares of a silk quilt, as well as a completed sofa cushion, richly worked. Embroidery was Ellen's forte; her wild roses looked as if they had been thrown carelessly on the olive satin, and the shading was excellent, while her cockscombs and golden-rod were tufted in soft perfection; and then her work never looked drawn, nor were the stitches uneven. Just now, however, she was looking at a crocheted tidy worked in cross stitch.

"What shall I do with the old thing? I'm tired to death of it, and never did like to do cross stitch."

"Why, I thought you were going to give it to Agnes Keller," said her mother.

"Yes, but it isn't pretty enough, so I will finish it up in a hurry this afternoon and put it in the missionary basket; it will do plenty well enough for that. By the way, I promised last month to look up something about the climate and productions of India, and here it is nearly time for the meeting of the Band!"

Mrs Allen was too much engaged in trying to get the inside part of a sleeve out of a very small piece of gingham to pay much attention to her daughter, so merely said, "'hem 'hem" musingly, after the fashion of busy people. Ellen was about to hunt up her information concerning India when the mail came in, and with it a roll of music which occupied her until it was within ten minutes of the time to go to the meeting of the Band.

"Mother, mother! do you know anything about the climate and productions of India?"

"If I do, I cannot tell you now, I am very busy; look in your geography."

"Can't find my geography," cried Ellen from the depths of the book closet where she was searching frantically. "Well, I shall have to tell them all I know, and that will be very little."

But she was disturbed by her own neglect, and at bedtime she remembered, with another twinge of conscience, that she had not looked at her Sunday-school lesson, and it was Saturday night. So wrapping herself in a shawl she sat down to look it over, for anything so cursory could not be called study; but one verse of the lesson was impressed upon her heart:

"Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing"—2 Sam. 24: 24.

The next day Mr. Laudon, the minister, dined with Ellen's parents, and she heard him tell of how the ladies of a Southern town where he used to live, had done plain sewing, in order to earn money for charitable purposes. The idea attracted Ellen at once, and she eagerly suggested it to her mother at the first opportunity, asking:

"Why should not I do something of the kind. Let me make those gingham aprons and unbleached muslin things you intended Mrs. Howen to do."

"Why, Ellen," said her mother, "I am rather in a hurry for these things, and your time is so occupied with study and music that you would not finish them very soon; however, that is not really the point, Mrs. Howen positively needs the money for this machine work, and it is a real charity to give her sewing to do."

"But, mother, I would like to do something."

"Yes, dear, but it seems to me you already have a good deal on hand. There is your Sunday-school class; have you visited all your children lately?"

"I am afraid if I do they will all come out, and what I have nearly set me wild," said Ellen, laughing.

"No matter what happens, do not neglect them on any account; and there is the Mission Band, for which you should carefully prepare and attend regularly, and your Sunday-school lesson; do you study it as you should? But if, besides all this, you want to earn by your own effort some money to use in your Christian work, I have a plan to propose; but it will require some self-sacrifice on your part. Cousin Mary Wilmot wants to have a white cashmere cloak embroidered for her little namesake, and I think you might offer to do it. What do you think of undertaking it?"

"The very thing!" cried Ellen; "but, mother, I would rather that only you and Cousin Mary should know for what purpose I want the money."

"Very well, dear; and think well before you undertake it, for you will be obliged to spend your evenings at home for a while, and exercise self-denial in other ways. Above all, do not depend upon your own strength to carry out this new purpose."

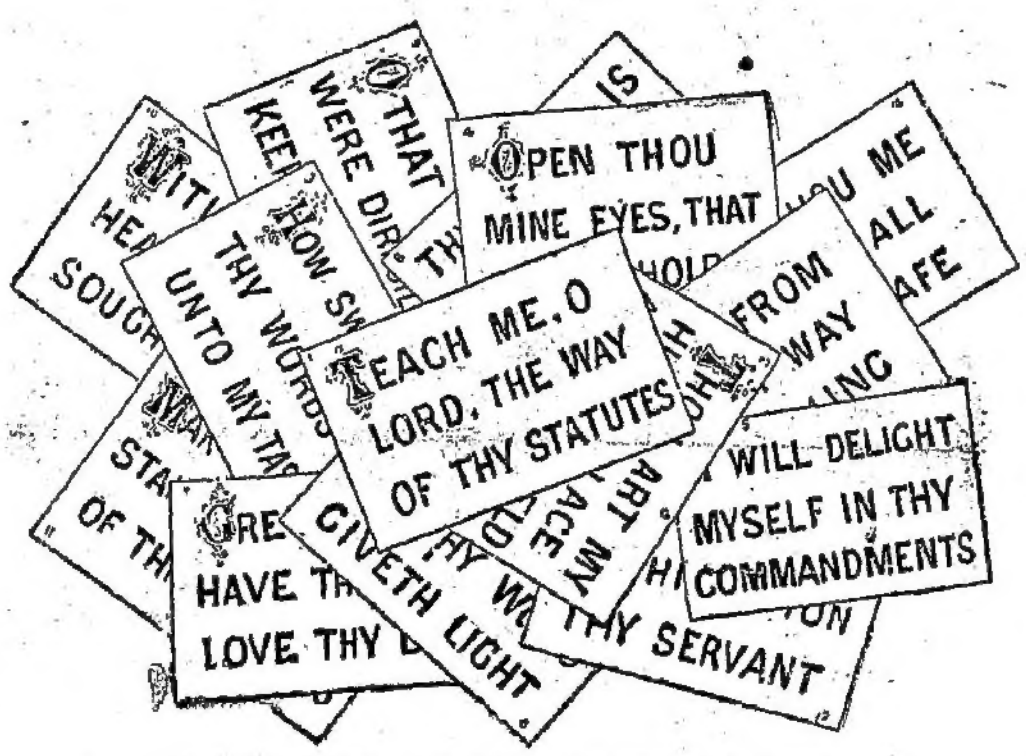
Ellen made no reply, but the conversation led her to think more seriously of her plan, and to give it more prayerful consideration, as her mother had suggested.

Mrs. Allen hoped that this work, though perhaps begun in mere enthusiasm or impulse, might have a lasting effect upon Ellen's character. She was evidently beginning to realize that it is not right to offer to the Lord that which costs us nothing. The service of Christ requires "our warmest affections, our sunniest hours." She was also learning that the little ordinary every-day-duties, when performed with an eye single to God's service, are as acceptable as was the alabaster box of very precious ointment offered by the woman who loved much; and is not the whole house filled with the perfume thereof?

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

. . . . . .

The dainty needle-work begun and persevered in in this spirit proved, after all, a real pleasure to Ellen. With what care she placed every stitch, and how many loving thoughts and earnest resolutions were interwoven with the graceful pattern, and when complete how joyfully thankful she felt that she had taken one step along the upward way!—*N. Y. Observer.*


OPEN THOU MINE EYES, THAT
TEACH ME, O LORD, THE WAY OF THY STATUTES
I WILL DELIGHT MYSELF IN THY COMMANDMENTS
THY SERVANT
GIVETH LIGHT
HAVE
LOVE THY

Give references (from Psalm cxix.) to the texts on these 14 cards.

MRS. THOMPSON ON THE CRUSADE.

Many of you hear much about the W.C.T.U., because your mothers and sisters belong to it. And perhaps you have heard many times over about the way it began, and about the Woman's Crusade, the "Crusade Quilt," and the woman who led the first prayer-meeting in the Crusade.

Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson, as the daughter of Governor Trimble, of Ohio, came by her strong temperance principles both by inheritance and education. When only a girl she was her father's companion upon one occasion when he was a delegate to a temperance convention. Now some of you have been in temperance conventions where the largest churches or city halls would not contain the crowds who came. Conventions where the delegates were numbered by hundreds, and the interested spectators by thousands; but this early convention was so small that all who came could be accommodated in the dining-room of a hotel. And in another respect was that convention of half a century ago unlike those of to-day. Now you will find men and women coming together to plan for the battle against our nation's foe; then, the young Ohio girl said as she glanced in at the open door and saw only men assembled: "I shall be the only lady there! I am afraid it is not proper for me to go in." But her father reassured her, by saying, "My daughter should never be afraid even if she is alone in a good cause."

When, years afterwards, in Hillsborough, O., there came the beginning of that remarkable temperance movement known as the Crusade, this same Ohio girl, now Mrs. Judge Thompson, was chosen by the women of the village to lead the first heroic band in saloon visiting. She tells us how, when the summons came to her to join the women who met at nine o'clock on the 24th of December, 1873, she sought to know her duty in the matter. She says: "I turned the key and was in the act of kneeling before God and his holy word to see what would be sent me, when I heard a gentle tap at my door. Upon opening it, I saw my little daughter with her Bible open, and the tears coursing down her young cheeks, as she said, 'I opened to this, mother; it must be for you.' She immediately left the room, and I sat down to read the wonderful message of the great 'I am' contained in the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm." She doubted no longer, but immediately went to the church where the women waited their leader.

And this psalm which was her inspiration that morning, has since been known as the "Crusade Psalm." After an hour of earnest prayer, and singing the hymn, the first line of which is, "Give to the wind thy fears," these noble women formed a procession, with Mrs. Thompson as their leader, and visited the places where liquor was sold. A description of one visit made that morning, as related by Mrs. Thompson herself, will give you an idea of the Woman's Crusade.

"We approached the 'first-class saloon,' on High street. Doubtless the proprietor had heard of our approach, as he held the door open with the most perfect suavity of manner until all the ladies had passed in, then closing it, he walked to his place behind 'the bar.' Seizing the strange opportunity, the leader addressed him as follows: 'Well, sir, this must seem to you a strange audience. I suppose, however, that you understand the object of our visit. As you look upon some of the faces before you and observe the furrows of sorrow, made deep by the unholy business that you ply, you will find that it is no wonder we are here. We have come, not to threaten, not even to upbraid, but in the name of our Heavenly Friend and Saviour, and, in His spirit, to forgive and to commend you to His pardon if you will but abandon a business that is so damaging to our hearts and homes.'

"The embarrassment and hesitation of the saloon keeper were at once improved upon. The leader said softly, 'Let us pray.' Instantly all, even the liquor-seller himself, were upon their knees! The spirit of utterance came upon the leader, and perhaps for the first time in a saloon, 'the heavens were opened,' and as a seal of God's approval upon the self-sacrificing work there inaugurated, the 'spirit' came down and touched all hearts."

I have mentioned the "Crusade Quilt." This was presented to Mrs. Thompson at the convention in Baltimore, in 1877. It contained the autographs of three thousand women, and a curious thing about it is, that in the centre of the quilt there was sewed a prophecy, to be opened in the year 1976! We can imagine, can we not, what would be the prophecy of the hopeful, sanguine hearts of the women of the Temperance Crusade? And we can all echo the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Lathrop: "Let us hope to meet at the next centennial on the hills of Paradise, and look down upon a country redeemed from the curse of alcohol."—*Pansy.*

A BOY'S STORY.

A Christian man, meeting a little boy in the country one day, had a conversation with him, and, among other things, he asked him if he was saved.

"Oh yes!" replied the boy; "I have been saved ever since the bee stung my mother."

"What is that you say, my boy?" said the gentleman.

"I have been saved, sir, ever since the bee stung my mother."

Seeing that the boy looked serious and as if he were only making a very ordinary remark, he said, "Tell me all about it, then."

"Why, sir, it was like this," said the boy; "I was out in the garden one day when a bee came buzzing all round me, and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out, 'Mother! oh, mother!' She quickly came to my help, and led me indoors, but the bee came in, too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near to me.

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron the bee settled on her arm and stung her. But it left its sting behind, and she took me from under her apron, shewed me the sting still in her arm, and said that that bee could never sting any one else, because it had lost its sting—left it in mother's arm.

"Then she said that, like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; that He had destroyed the power of Satan our enemy, and that if I believed that He had really done this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am saved."

This was the little boy's story, and the gentleman could not say nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.—*Little Friend.*

"THAT I MAY HAVE TO GIVE TO HIM THAT NEEDETH."

Write it on every bond you accumulate, on every profit you acquire. Write it on your daily earnings and on your weekly pay: "That I may have to give to him that needeth" Write it on your investments and on your income, the great amount or the little amount: "That I may have to give to him that needeth." Write it on your safes and on your ledgers, on your workman's tools, on your seamstress' spools and needle case: "That I may have to give to him that needeth." Here is the end of toil and labor.—*Rev A. J. Gordon.*

THE STORY OF RAGGED JOE.

BY MRS. FITZGERALD.

CHAPTER I.

Not long ago, some people who loved God commenced a special Mission to the inhabitants of a certain street in Lancaster. A strange medley of a street it was; for, while at one end there dwelt many respectable working-men with their families, at the other one, very many doubtful characters were to be found in the dingy, crazy-looking places which were known as lodging-houses. To these disreputable-looking houses, with dirty floors and curtainless windows, beggars and tramps of every description constantly made their way, and for a few pence found shelter and rest for the night. It was not a pleasant place to visit, yet the good people would not be discouraged, but went about from house to house and besought the inmates to come to the Mission-room where the services were being held, that they might hear about God's love to sinners. A dear friend of mine, when one evening thus engaged, saw a dirty, wretched-looking boy, about twelve years old, lounging idly at the corner of the street. The lady went up to him, placed her hand on his shoulder, saying: "Will you come with me? I am going to the meeting in the Mission-room. Will you come?"

The boy, whom we will call Joe, shuffled about uneasily, then said: "I don't like to. I am so ragged-like and dirty."

"Never mind the ragged clothes; Jesus won't look at them," said my friend, kindly; "please come."

"I don't like to go, though; they laughs at one so. I went last night, but I had to come out; the boys did so laugh at me 'cos I am ragged."

"O, how sorry I am!" said the lady; "but come with me now. I will hide you with my dress as we go in, and we will sit quite at the top of the room, where few will see us."

"All right!" said the boy, on whom the kind words of the lady made a great impression. "All right! I'll come."

The lady kept him as close as she could to her side to hide him from the jeering boys already seated there, until they reached the upper end of the preaching-room, when she gave him a seat beside her. The poor fellow looked about him for a moment, then at the spotless dress of his new friend, then with anxious face at his own torn clothing. Presently he ran his fingers along the bottom part of his waistcoat until he found a pin. With his poor dirty fingers he now drew together the ragged edges of a large rent in the knee of his trousers, and secured them with the pin he had found; this done, he made another search round the waistcoat, and was lucky enough to find another pin; with it he joined another ugly tear on the opposite knee. The waistcoat was nearly buttonless, but after a search he found a button, and drew the opposite ragged edge over, and secured it. Next he looked down at his feet, and, stooping, tied a little tighter the laces of the dusty old boots he wore. This done, with both hands he smoothed and parted, as well as he was able, his rough, unkempt hair, and looked in the face of his new friend with a smile which said: "I hope I look a little better, for I have done the best I can." The lady gave the poor fellow an encouraging smile, and he sat in silence while the gentleman who conducted the service told the people about the dear Saviour who gave his life for them, and was ready to receive the very worst of them if they would only give their hearts to Him, and give up their sinful ways.

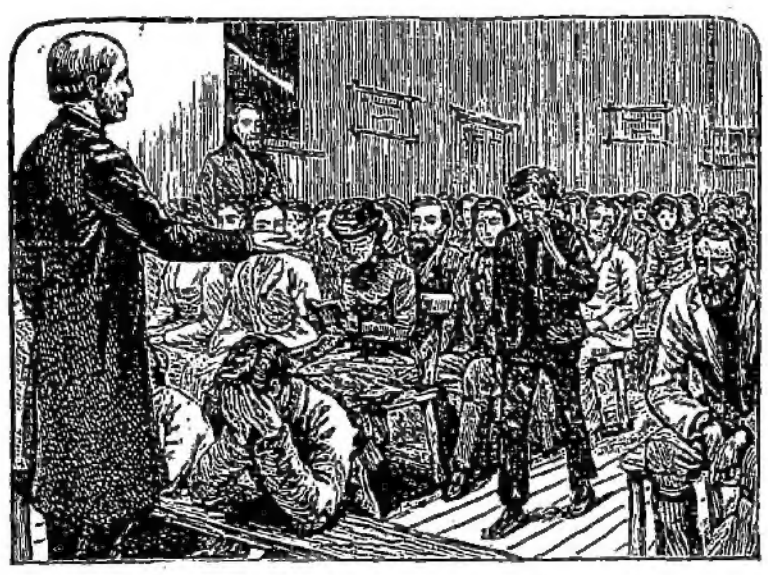
"Will you do this, my friends? will you not do it at once? Jesus is waiting now; won't you come to Him now? No matter," the preacher went on to say, "no matter how poor, or miserable, or friendless you may be, Jesus loves you. Ragged and homeless, Jesus loves you! Ignorant and sinful, Jesus loves you; and waits to make you holy and happy, and help you to take a better place in the world, and when you die give you a home amongst the angels in heaven." There were some tears falling, and some sighs were heaved as the good man spoke. My friend heard a quivering sob; she turned quickly. With deep thankfulness she saw that it was her ragged companion in tears.

Ah! how poor Joe wept! The tears ran down the channels they had made on his poor grimy face. He rubbed his eyes with his dirty knuckles. He seemed to have forgotten that some of the boys laughed at him because of his ragged and forlorn appearance. You see, little friend, a message from the Lord Jesus had reached the heart of the poor tramp boy! The laugh of the cruel boys had hardened it; but the tender, gospel words touched and softened it. How full of love is Jesus! His "Come" embraces "all sorts and conditions of men," from the son of the royal lady who governs our land, to the poor child, "Homeless, ragged and tanned," who now for the first time learned that "the blood of Jesus Christ," the Son of God, was shed for him!

RAGGED JOE.

CHAPTER II.

No doubt some of my readers have been present at a service when the minister has invited any who are seeking Christ to come into the vestry, or up to the Communion-rail. Whilst the minister has been speaking of God's wondrous love to sinners, the good men and women in the congregation have been praying; and the Holy Spirit has spoken in the hearts of the listeners. Perhaps when they came to the chapel they thought they were very good sort of people, quite as good as they need be; but when God's Spirit showed them what kind of sinful thoughts they had been entertaining, what pride, what bad tempers, what envy, what ingratitude and forgetfulness of that great Being who loved them so much, they were sorry and ashamed of their past lives; and they saw that unless they were, for Jesus' sake, forgiven and changed from badness to goodness, or in other words, converted, they would never reach that blessed place where all the pure in heart go.



Then you may also have seen ministers and others kneel by these penitent ones, and tell them what the Lord wants them to do; that is, to give up their sins, take Jesus for their Lord and Master, and determine to love Him all their lives long. All who do thus resolve are said to take upon themselves a profession of the Lord Jesus. Well, there was no communion-rail in the Mission-room, but at one end there were several loose forms; of these the minister took one, and, placing it in a convenient place, said: "Now I am quite sure there are some in this place who are sorry for their past sins, and would like to come to Jesus to be made better. Will such of you as are penitent come and kneel just here? We will pray with you and for you, and I am sure, if you will give up your sins and turn to the Lord, He will accept you to-night! Will you come, my friends?"

Presently a man rose from his seat, and going down the room, knelt in prayer. Then another, soon after a woman, then another, and now a young girl—all enquiring the way to heaven. There was a sound of feet at the top of the room. There is another about to go up to the form. Who is it? It is a weeping boy! He is very dirty. His shoes are worn, his hair is rough; but under the dirt, the rags, the ignorance, the Holy Spirit found a precious soul, and with convincing power showed the poor tramp—for my readers will have guessed who it was—that he was a sinner. Sobbing, the poor fellow made his way to the form and knelt down.

"O," he cried, "I do want to be good! I do want to be a better boy; I do—I do!"

It was a touching sight. Words of loving advice were given to this poor boy, and earnest prayer offered for and with him; and many prayers followed the ragged child to the lodging-house where he, with some of his own class, was to spend the night. Early morning saw them on their way to another town, and his friends at the Mission-room saw the poor boy no more. But do not my little readers think, and hope, and pray that some glad day the good lady who took the poor waif to the service, the minister who showed him the way to the Saviour, and all the dear friends who prayed for him, may meet again in the bright land above, where there is no poverty, no poor outcast, no mocking voice, no scornful laugh, no sorrow, no sin; but where Jesus lives, Who will give a loving welcome to them all, even the ragged tramp boy—a poor tramp no longer, but one of the Lord's ransomed ones? What a blessed change! what a happy company! May we be amongst them.—*Early Days.*

"OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

"Our Lord Jesus Christ," spelt out a little boy who had not learned yet to read properly, but he knew the meaning of those blessed names, for he quickly added: "Oh, that does sound nice!—I do like that so much—it sounds as if 'our' meant like having the Lord Jesus Christ for our very own to keep."

Yes, that is indeed a beautiful truth. Where the Lord Jesus Christ takes possession of the heart of any little girl or boy by His Holy Spirit, having washed away their sins by His own blood, He will never leave them again. He is indeed their own to keep for ever, and they are his for him to keep forever.

What a sweet thought, is it not, dear little ones? Christ says to His own, "I will never leave thee;" and "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28). So He is grasping His own loved ones so tightly, so closely, in His almighty, all-powerful hand, that they can never be taken out of His hand, nor can they ever fall out, for they are His "very own to keep," and keep them He will for ever and ever. What a safe, what a happy place to be in! Indeed, little boy, you are right; it does "sound nice," and it is really "nice" beyond telling for any one to be able to say truly and lovingly, from real love to Him, "Our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Little Friend.*

A SOUND DISCRETION is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—*Bovee.*

Question Corner.—No. 6.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. To what city did Jonah flee when sent to warn the people of Nineveh?
2. What village is intimately associated in our minds with the scenes of the last days of Christ?
3. What city was the native place of Andrew, Peter and Philip?
4. Upon what city beside Bethsaida did Christ pronounce woe?
5. What city did Christ say should have less tolerance in the day of judgment than Sodom?
6. In what place were Christ and His disciples when He asked them "Whom do men say that I am"?
7. In what place did Jesus spend the first thirty years of his life?

SCRIPTURE ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

1. The number of years that elapsed between Caleb spying out the promised land and obtaining his portion of it.
2. Multiply by the number of years a man was bed-ridden with palsy, and who was suddenly healed.
3. Add the number of letters in the Lord's Prayer as mentioned the first time in the Bible.
4. Divide by the fourth part of the age of Azariah when he began to reign.
5. Subtract the number of days St. Paul stayed with St. Peter in Jerusalem.
6. Multiply by the number of men who were near the sepulchre of Joseph's mother, and who told Saul some good news about lost asses.
7. Add the number of princes and elders in Succoth.
8. Multiply by the number of times St. Paul was beaten with rods.
9. Subtract the age Enoch's father was when Enoch was born.
10. Subtract the number of months a beautiful baby was hid by his mother for fear of being killed.

The result will be the number of chariots of iron a certain king of Canaan possessed.—*Child's Companion.*

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 5.

1. Gath., 1 Sam., 21. 12, 13.
2. Jabesh Gilead, 1 Sam. 31. 8, 13.
3. Mizpah, 1 Sam. 10. 17-25.
4. Samaria, 1 Kings 16. 24.
5. Dan., Judges 20 : 1.
6. Rabbah, 2 Sam. 12. 26.

HIS INNER LIFE.

About a year ago a prominent broker in New York died, and was discovered, to the surprise of all the business world, to be bankrupt. His estate was brought to the hammer. He had been a noted collector of works of art, and the sale attracted connoisseurs and dealers in pictures, rare and antique furniture, china and bric-a-brac. The sale of his library was the most important of the year. Catalogues were sold at a high price, and the lovers of fine editions in all parts of the country came or appointed agents to compete for the treasures which, at enormous cost, he had gathered on his shelves.

Several ladies were present. Among them, one in deep mourning, seated in a quiet corner, attracted much silent sympathy. It was his only child, a married daughter, who had just arrived from New Orleans, for the purpose, it was supposed, of securing some of the rare volumes which her father had accumulated with such infinite trouble and cost, and had held at such priceless value. As one volume and another was put up, the auctioneer glanced at her, expecting her to bid, but she remained motionless. Old Elzevirs, unique folios, specimens of the earliest or the most perfect printing, were sold, but she made no effort to keep them. At last, near the close of the sale, a small octavo, cheaply bound, but well-worn Bible was put up. She bid on it eagerly. One or two dealers, seeing her agitation, and supposing she would know the chief treasure of the collection, opposed her. The price rose rapidly. She was a poor woman, as they all knew, but she continued to bid, with pale cheeks and trembling lips. The book was knocked down to her at last, at an exorbitant price, and she at once left the hall.

"What rare treasure have you gained?" said a friend who went out with her.

She opened it. It was a cheap, common copy of the New Testament. There were faint pencil marks against some of the verses.

"I knew my father had this book; I have seen him read in it. I came from New Orleans to find it. These little marks show me his secret thoughts."

Now that the rich man was dead, the faint pencil-lines on the cheap book were worth to her all the vast sums and all the rich treasures he had gathered, for they showed that his soul was at peace with God.

Before we decide on the value of an object or give ourselves to its pursuit, we should consider how much it will be worth to us the day after our death.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE CHILD MESSENGERS.

NETTIE A. PERHAM.

Two little girls with curly hair,
And winsome faces sweet and fair,
With ribbons waving in the breeze
That came from tops of maple trees,
Walked down the street one afternoon,
Each humming as they went a tune.
They passed some dwellings large and grand,
Which had been built by skilful hand;
Others where poverty had come,
Whose predecessor oft is rum.
"Oh! Bessie, look!" cried Sister Nell,
"What is this costly building, tell?"
"Why, that is a saloon! Oh, dear!
I wish there was no rum-shop here.
Oh! Nelly, say, let's you and I
Go in and talk with Mr. Guy,
And tell him that he mustn't sell
The poison people like so well.
And maybe he will stop it then
And never sell the stuff again."
"Oh! Bessie, if he only would!
But I'm afraid we'll do no good.
But we can try it anyhow;
Oh, look! he's in the doorway now."
The two approached him with some fear
Lest he at all their talk should sneer,
"Good morning, Mr. Guy," they said;
The liquor-dealer raised his head.
"Who are you? What do you want here?"
The old man's tone was rough and queer.
"We're Bess and Nellie Ames," said they;
"And as we came along this way,
We thought we'd stop and talk with you,
As we had nothing else to do."
"Please, sir, strong drink does lots of hurt;
It's meaner than the worst of dirt.
What makes you sell it, Mr. Guy,
If lots of folks do want to buy?
For in the Bible I have read
A verse which I should think you'd dread.
Woe to him who toward neighbor's lips
Holds out the glass from which he sips.
Please, Mr., won't you stop it, though?
Some people will be glad, I know."
Sobs now convulsed the old man's frame
As in his eyes the dew drops came.
He said, "I had two little girls
With rosy cheeks and flowing curls,
With pretty ways and eyes of blue—
They looked a little bit like you.
And many a time with me they've plead,
But now the little ones are dead."
He stopped and wiped away the tears
Which had not flowed before for years.
"Poor man! perhaps you didn't think
How wrong it was to sell the drink;
But you won't sell it now I know,
Because you see it hurts folks so,
But in its place have lemonade;
Of that you needn't be afraid.
In summer time, when it is hot,
That's nice and cool; but rum is not.
It heats the brain and makes men mad,
Who once good sense and reason had.
Please tell us, will you sell it more?
We ought to've told you this before."
The liquor-dealer was confused;
He hardly knew what words to choose,
To answer such an earnest plea
That came from girls so young and free.
He loved his silver and his gold
That came from liquor he had sold;
But with these messengers of love,
And thoughts of his dear ones above,
Could he but grant their sweet request?
A struggle passed within his breast.
At last he said: "Children," said he,
"You've done your duty well to me,
In telling of the wrong I do,
Although I knew it before you.
Yes, I will grant what you have asked;
You've gained your victory at last.
God helping me I will no more
Let liquor come inside this door;
But this a temperance house shall be,
And in it harmless drinks you'll see."
So children often may, though young,
Do untold good with one small tongue.
—*Domestic Journal.*

WOMAN IN JAPAN.

The husband is compared to heaven, the wife to the dirt under his feet. The husband is the day, the wife the night. A woman may have every beauty, grace, and virtue, still she is lower than the lowest man. Woman's position in Japan is better than in most other Eastern lands, still it is not what we find it in Christian lands. Woman in Japan is never her own mistress. She seems never to come of age. Until married she must obey her father; when a wife, the will of her husband; if a widow, her eldest son. I knew one case, however, where the mother ruled as with a rod of iron, and made her son's life most miserable He often came to us with his trials and troubles. Sometimes she would watch him, and when she found him praying would throw water on him. Still he kept on praying, and believed she would become a Christian, and she did. And one New Year's morning she took all her gods, for she had many of them, and threw them into the canal. I received a letter from this young man, after his mother's conversion, in which he stated there was hope for all Japan, now that his mother had accepted the truth. Woman in Japan enjoys many liberties and advantages of education. She is not degraded nor kept in ignorance to the same extent as in India or China. Nine of the sovereigns of the empire were women. But after all, Christianity alone gives woman her true position, and creates the home-life and the happy child-life.—*A Missionary in Japan.*

OUR PREMIUM BOOKS

We have been very busy sending off books to successful workers for this paper, but the great demand for "The Prince of the House of David" and one or two others in the list has necessitated the sending to England for a further supply. We hope to receive this consignment in a few days, when the books will be immediately despatched. We once more repeat our offer:—

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or
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To the person sending us TEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or twenty renewals, *at 30c each*, we give the choice of

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"Little Women" (Louisa M. Alcott),
"The Last Days of Pompeii" (Lytton),
or
"Ben Hur; or the Days of the Messiah."

For FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or thirty renewals, *at 30c each*, we will send one of the following:—

"Barriers Burned Away," illustrated (Rev. E. P. Roe),
"From Jest to Earnest," illustrated (Rev. E. P. Roe),
"Robinson Crusoe," illustrated,
"The Swiss Family Robinson," illustrated,
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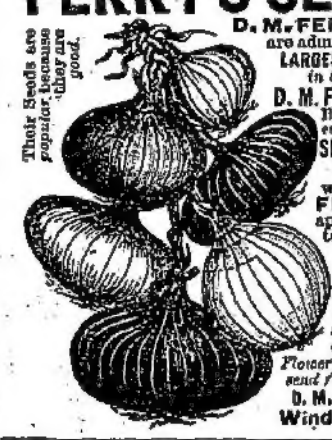

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